



G. RAYMOND JOY, BAR HARBOR, ME.

I KNOW a spot along our coast,
 'Tis Nature's chiefest pride and boast;
 There sparkling wavelets kiss the sand;
 Grass, flower and forest deck the land;
 There perfumed breezes cooling blow,
 Temp'ring the sunshine's ardent glow.
 Steep cliffs and verdant islets gay
 Do vie with Naples' far famed Bay.
 Full many thousand eager eyes
 View here their Summer Paradise.
 Of Paradise I truly sing,
 For here there's Joy in everything.
 There's Joy in business and repose;
 With Joy each fireman bravely goes,
 When, in the blackest hour of night,
 All forth are called, the flames to fight.
 The Government to Joy is known;
 The Lodges all call Joy their own.
 In short, none here, nor man nor boy,
 A stranger long remains to Joy.
 So grant, kind Fate, until Time ends,
 I, too, count Joy among my friends.